The Missionary Herald

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IT is not practicable, in this brief space, to tell the story of all the 1919 reënforcements to the missionary army. Not all of those present at the Candidates' Conference were able to accompany the group to the photographer's for the picture facing this page. We give, however, the names of those in the picture, their home location, and, when possible, where they were trained and their destination. Beginning with the *back row,* from left to right, they are: Miss Jean M. Turnbull, Pittsfield, nurse, trained at the House of Mercy School, going to Turkey; Miss Ivy Craig; Miss Dorothy W. Brown, Jamaica Plain, Mass., Boston University, to West Central Africa; Mr. R. Finney Markham, Kansas, Washburn and Yale, to Turkey; Rev. W. S. Woolworth, Jr., Connecticut, New York University and Union Seminary, to Turkey; Rev. Harwood B. Catlin, New Hampshire, Harvard, Hartford and Union Seminaries, to Africa; Miss Dorothy L. Garland, Hawaii, to China; Miss Hazel F. Bailey, South Dakota, Nebraska-Wesleyan and Boston University School of Theology, to China; Miss Annie M. Denison, New Hampshire, Kennedy School of Missions, to Turkey.

Who They Are

Fourth row: Mrs. Raymond A. Dudley, Ashfield, Mass., Mt. Holyoke and Kennedy School, to Madura Mission, India; Rev. Frederick R. Dixon, Vermont, Dartmouth and Bangor, to Africa; Miss Lena L. Lietzau, Illinois; Miss Mary E. Harbert, Oregon, University of Oregon and Kennedy School, to Foochow Mission, China; Miss Beatrice E. Mann, Illinois, University of Wisconsin; Miss Jean Dickinson, New York, Smith College, to North China; Miss Mabel A. M. Craig, Massachusetts, Massachusetts General Hospital, to North China; Miss Constance Buell, Massachusetts, Wellesley, to North China.

Third row: Dr. Walter F. Hume, son of Rev. R. A. Hume, of Bombay, Yale University and Columbia School for Physicians, to the Marathi Mission, India; Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard, son of Dr. Fred B. Shepard, of Aintab, Yale University, Columbia School for Physicians, and Johns Hopkins Medical, to Turkey; Mr. Albert J. Hicks, Massachusetts, Massachusetts Agricultural College, to Africa; Miss Gertrude E. Kellogg, Illinois, Wheaton College and Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, as nurse to China; Miss Anna Lueders, Philadelphia; Rev. James A. Hunter, Illinois, University of Illinois and McCormick Seminary, to North China; Miss Helen Doremus, New York; Mr. Vergil F. Bradfield, Nebraska, as business agent to North China; Rev. Wilbur S. Deming, Massachusetts, Brown University and Hartford, to Marathi Mission, India.

Second row: Mrs. Hume, White Door Settlement, New York; Mrs. Shepard, Wellesley College; Mrs. Hicks, Massachusetts; Miss Louise M. Clark, New York, Pickering College, Canada, and Presbyterian Hospital, New York, to Turkey; Miss Emma Lueders, Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania School for Social Service and Kennedy School, to North China; Mrs. Hunter, University of Illinois; Miss Carolyn Mackenzie, New York; Mrs. Bradfield, Wheaton College and Conservatory of Music; Mrs. Deming, Connecticut.

First row: Miss Ruth G. Holland, Massachusetts, Middlebury College, to Ceylon, as Domestic Science teacher; Rev. Russell A. Richards, Michigan, Oberlin College and Seminary, to the Balkan Mission; Miss Addie M. Harris,

Iowa, University of Iowa; Mr. Merrill N. Isely, Kansas, Fairmount College and Yale School of Religion, to Turkey; Miss Sara E. Snell, Massachusetts, Wellesley College, to Turkey; Rev. Carl J. Neal, Indiana, Earlham College and Hartford Seminary, to Marathi Mission, India; Miss Leona L. Burr, South Dakota, Dakota-Wesleyan University, to China.

The Candidates' Conference

THE annual gathering of new missionaries at the Board Rooms in Boston, for conference with the Secretaries and with members of the Prudential Committee, was held this year from May 29 to June 10, the last six days being devoted to instruction in Phonetics by Prof. Edward Cummings, whose system has become so widely known and is so successful in helping the language student to conquer difficult pronunciations.

About fifty-six recruits were in attendance this year. One new feature was the lodging of the single women and some of the young married folks in a house in Louisburg Square, with Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Dickson, of Tellippallai, Ceylon, in charge. The absence in the Orient of Foreign Secretary James L. Barton and Home Secretary C. H. Patton, and of Treasurer F. H. Wiggin, from illness, was regrettable; but other secretaries did double duty, members of the Prudential Committee gave their services; and two or three missionaries on furlough, among them Dr. Rose Fairbank Beals, of Wai, India, who gave medical talk to the women, were of valuable assistance. The young people worked rather harder this year than sometimes, because of the series of evening sessions, when Professor Platner, of Andover, Mr. Luther Fowle, of Constantinople, and others gave illuminating addresses.

The Social Side

NOT all of the candidates' time was devoted to serious work, however, as one of the most important features of these gatherings is the opportunity they offer for the young folks to get acquainted with the people who otherwise would be only names to them. Besides the usual conference luncheon, on the opening day, when Board officials and the new recruits eat together at some down-town restaurant, and the informal reception given by the Woman's Board in its offices, this year's conference was invited for dinner and a social evening to the Missionary Home in Auburndale; and on another day, Miss Mary Daniels, of Harpoot, entertained a dozen or so of the Turkey reënforcements at luncheon at an Armenian restaurant in Boston, where they were introduced to genuine Turkish cooking and special Oriental delicacies.

The Closing Service

ON the last afternoon of the conference, members of the Prudential Committee and a few other interested friends being present in the big Committee Room in the Congregational House, Rev. Robert A. Hume, D.D., for forty-five years a member of the Marathi Mission, in India, gave a brief talk. Dr. Hume had just arrived for his furlough year, and his presence was as unexpected as it was pleasurable. After an address by Rev. E. M. Noyes, chairman of the Prudential Committee, the conference closed with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the service being conducted by Rev. Shepherd Knapp, of Worcester, one of the Prudential Committee. It was, of course, a private and intimate occasion, held "in an upper room"; and was, so far as we know, the first time the communion service has been held in the Congregational House.

Where All Roads Meet

THE Prudential Committee has to deal with a good many routine matters in its fortnightly meetings. Its work may sometimes seem a little humdrum, especially in the drowsy days of early summer. But it has its compensations and illuminations all along. Every meeting has its high points of interest; its sudden, enlarging vision or

challenging appeal. And from all quarters of the world are brought to it fresh items of news that indicate the currents of life and their bearing on the advancing Kingdom of God. Often these reports are brought in person by those returning on furlough from their several fields, who look in to get a word of greeting and to give a word of tidings at the Committee table. Within recent weeks have thus been welcomed Messrs. Luther Fowle, from Constantinople; Earle H. Ballou, from Tientsin, China; Albert E. LeRoy, of Amanzimtoti, South Africa; and Dr. Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India. One could not listen to their successive stories of the lands they represent without a deepening sense that never before in the history of the world was there so urgent an hour.

Our Far Flung Line

NEW paths of service that opened for American Board missionaries during the war led far afield. The Caucasus, Siberia, Mongolia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, Egypt—into how many new lands they went from Turkey, Japan, China, and India. And what new contacts they made with peoples strange to them before, whose language, ways, and needs all had to be learned. The shake-up of these recent years has carried far from their appointed location men and women whose names and whose work have been identified with one and another mission of the American Board.

A letter, dated May 12 at Vladivostok and just received, from Dr. J. H. Ingram, of Peking, reports him as waiting for a transport which was to take under his care 1,500 Czech invalids to Trieste, from which port he was to conduct them to Prague. He had been at Tumen all winter, working in a hospital established for Czechs in a large and beautiful commercial school there. Latterly the management of this hospital had fallen upon Dr. Ingram. Among his patients were twenty-five Chinese who had been trading in the country, and were left stranded when the monetary system of the country collapsed. Captured by the Bolsheviks, they were compelled to serve as porters in their army; were at length captured by Siberian troops, stripped of their clothing, and desperately frozen. Some Russian patients also were admitted to the hospital as the winter waned and the number of the Czechs was reduced. Dr. Ingram noted the marked difference between the men of the two races: the Czechs, congenial and interested in everything; the Russians, dull and indifferent, more like cattle than men. Many of them had self-inflicted wounds, preferring to go through life with part of a hand blown off rather than to defend their land from the ravages of the Bolsheviks. The few of the latter people who got into the wards made all manner of trouble, and had to be evicted as soon as they could be moved.

Dr. Ingram had the assurance that the Red Cross, who are superintending this return of the Czechs to their land, would send him back to China by any route he desired after he had conducted his charges to Prague. We may hope to see him therefore, hereabouts, on his way back to his China field after his year of war-time service.

"The Day of March Has Come"

THE Methodists have got what they went after. It is announced that they have secured their Centenary Fund for Foreign Missions, whose goal was originally $80,000,000, but has been gradually advanced till it now stands at the staggering sum of $110,000,000. Congratulations and rejoicings! It fairly takes the breath away to think what will be possible to our enterprising and adventurous Methodist brethren in the way of support and expansion of their already huge undertakings on their foreign fields. It looked like a pipe dream when it was proposed, this campaign to raise unlimited millions in the midst of war times for missionary work round the world. It seemed to smack

of the publicity agent and the promoter. But it has been accomplished —and more; and nobody is hurt and everybody is happy.

The Northern Baptists are completing their $6,000,000 Victory Fund, having got to the last $500,000 with the promise of an added $2,000,000 if the goal is reached. The Southern Baptists are undertaking to raise $75,000,000 for their missionary work of all varieties during the next five years; and the Northern Baptists, at their Denver Convention in May, set their stake at $100,000,000 for expenditure on their denominational tasks within the next five years. That last-named sum is what the Northern Presbyterians have fixed upon as their aim in the New Era campaign on which they have embarked.

Just how all these past and prospective efforts are to be wrought into the plans of the Interchurch World Movement of 1920 is not yet clear, but doubtless some way will be found to coördinate these several undertakings and give them the advantage of a united front.

Where Do We Come In?

THE point of concern to us Congregational people is as to where we come in. Is the Tercentenary Campaign for $5,000,000 for the Pilgrim Ministerial Fund to mark our limit? Are we to come out of the war and to face the new challenge of the world in these times with no quickening step and larger purpose? Are we to be left behind by the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the rest? More serious yet is the pressing question, Are not the fields assigned to us in the non-Christian world and in this home land as needy, as urgent, and is not work in them as challenging as in the fields of our brethren? Speaking for the foreign fields from which reports are daily coming to the American Board, the situations are simply heart-breaking in their call for a more adequate handling. We must have more money; it must come in much larger amounts and with the whole enterprise lifted to a far higher plane of interest and support, or it will decline and fade. It will not do to stand still; that is virtually to retreat. We must go forward. Let Congregationalists gird themselves for the new day that has come.

A Title of Distinction

THE following advertisement appeared the other day in the columns of a city newspaper:—

> MISSIONARY SALESMAN
>
> To call upon the retail grocery trade; must be experienced in the canned meat business; state age, experience, and salary expected. Address E 1880, Herald Office.

Here seems to be a new opening for missionaries, retired or home on furlough. But does the fact that they should be experienced in the canned meat business require that they should have worked in the Cannibal Isles? In all soberness, here is an outside tribute to the missionary approach, persuasiveness, and accomplishment which is significant. The word "missionary" connotes something of value; so at last the world judges.

Then and Now

A STARTLING contrast between Bible times and this present in Turkey is suggested by an account in a private letter from Dr. Barton, recently received, of his visit to Oorfa, one of the famous stations of the American Board in that land, and indelibly associated with the memory of heroic Corinna Shattuck. The special trip to Oorfa was made from Tel Abiadh, in Mesopotamia, the limit of British occupation westward, at which place the party arrived in four freight cars, one of the box variety for themselves, one for goods and supplies, and two flat cars for the two Fords and the motor lorry. As there was no engine available to take them

on the Turkish rail, nor any sign of one coming, they got into a motor lorry, with its load of supplies; and piloted by Mr. Weeden, who had come out from Oorfa, took the road for that place. Of this trip, Dr. Barton writes:—

"On the way we passed near to the ruins of Haran, where Abraham lived for many years. This place is well established, so we rode across the fields where Abraham pastured his extensive flocks. We were in Oorfa for twenty-seven hours. The destruction there was terrible. Of five thousand Armenian houses before the war, hardly one hundred remain. I saw a cave in the rocks into which hundreds of dead bodies, Armenians, were thrown. Barrels of human bones were there and scattered about the fields close by, where they had been carried by dogs and jackals."

We are accustomed to think of Terah as living in barbaric times. Those "good old days" were doubtless none too good. Many sermons written on the text, "And Terah died in Haran," have painted effectively the evil from which Abraham turned when he set out for Canaan. But neither Terah nor Abraham, we feel sure, ever saw such ghastly evidence of brutality and blood-lust as Dr. Barton saw on this old pasture ground. The world doesn't grow better of itself, or by the lapse of time. One religion is not just as good as another. It is no more sensible than it is Christian to let every land and people develop as they will; therefore we take heart of joy and hope from another paragraph of the letter describing the progress of relief and reconstruction:—

"The work is well begun at Oorfa. We, our workers, got in there only two weeks ago, when the British went in. All of the women and girls, several hundred, were released from Moslem homes. We have started some new things and got into touch with the Mutasarif, who promised to return to us the things taken from Miss Shattuck's shops. We visited Mr. Leslie's grave and arranged for a stone at its head. We have also arranged to have the American Board's double house, only partly completed when Mr. Leslie died, completed and used for the present as a residence for Miss Holmes, etc., and the headquarters for our relief work in Oorfa."

America's Spirit Impresses Turkey

ONE who has lived long in Turkey, has traveled widely over the land, and comes close to all her people, not a missionary, but deeply interested in the work of the American Board within the Ottoman Empire, writes us that two things have deeply impressed the people of Turkey. The first is that America entered the war with no hope or prospect of any material gain, but for the sake of principle. The second fact that impresses these observers is that America is spending millions to feed the suffering peoples of the world. Our correspondent adds, "The disinterestedness and idealism of the American people have profoundly influenced the whole world."

That statement is absolutely true. It has been reported to us by visitors to the Far East and by our missionaries there that both China and Japan have been deeply stirred by the relation of the war. "It is great; it is great," said Chang Poling to a missionary friend whom he met. "What is great?" questioned the man, surprised at the greeting. "Why, that America has gone into the war for the defense of the weaker or oppressed peoples," was the quick answer. A traveler in Japan last year brought back word that everywhere those whom he met in that land expressed their wonder that America should have entered the war, when she was not compelled to do so save by her impulse to help the world.

It is to be hoped that America, by her course now that the war is closed, will not deny the reputation she has gained, or lose the chance still to lead in the establishment of a new order of things among the nations.

Looking Backward in Japan

To mark this, its jubilee year, the Japan Mission has brought out a sturdy pamphlet of 131 pages entitled, "Fragments of Fifty Years: Some Lights and Shadows of the Work of the Japan Mission of the American Board." Part I reviews the General History, recounting the inspiring story of the mission's beginning and early years, treating with special fullness and precision the difficult problems that emerged in the relation of the mission to the Kumi-ai churches and in the "period of retarded growth," and closing with an encouraging sketch of the outlook in the twentieth century. Parts II–VIII describe each the development of some one line of mission work—educational, philanthropic, medical, literary—and provide a valuable mission roll and chronological table.

The absence of illustrations, the solid pages of text (happily broken by chapter and cut-in headings), and the lack of much incident or story in the somewhat matter-of-fact narrative, are accounted for in an introductory note as due to the higher cost of printing, which compelled a fierce condensation of material and the production of a much smaller volume than was designed and desired. The readers as well as the authors of the book will join in the regret that so dramatic a story as that of the American Board's impact on Japanese life and thought should be to any degree shorn of its full power; yet both may congratulate themselves that into so small space have been crowded all the essential facts and figures that mark the development of a notable mission history.

By workers in other mission fields less far advanced in native leadership, by all students of mission problems, and by those who are keenly interested in the implanting of Christianity in a highly developed non-Christian civilization, this intelligent and careful review of the Japan Mission will be specially valued.

Peking Annual Meetings

THE Peking Station Association and the Chihli District Association of the North China Mission both held annual meetings in the first week in April in Peking. After the presentation of reports came the organization of committees, which are said to be the bane of a missionary's existence, but a very necessary and valuable thing, nevertheless. A good deal of the world's work is done in committees and conferences today, and China is no exception. One of our newer missionaries comments on the celerity with which work is put through, and says he reached Peking at noon, and "at five of that first day was attending my first committee meeting. It would be interesting to have some of the older members of the mission put down the number of committees to which they belong.

Democracy in Organization

"THESE committees on education, evangelism, estimates, etc., spent the afternoon in working out their programs, and the next day presented the results of their meetings in the form of motions for the whole meeting to discuss. Here it was that one realized the democratic organization of the North China Mission. The women and men, Chinese and foreign, have an equal part in the discussion and equal voting powers, even to the handling of funds, the placing of men, and the voting upon whether a missionary is to return to the field or not. The foreigners know very well that even though a motion is passed, if the Chinese do not realize its value, it will have to be up at a later meeting. This discussion is a valuable means of educating the pastors and delegates from the country districts and stimulating their enthusiasm.

"When the question of appropriations for the coming year was taken up, Mr. Smith, of our North Chapel, made a startling proposal: that in the primary schools where there are not enough students for two teachers the

boys and girls should study together, and that the teachers should be women. There may be girls' schools in three or four places that are now without them under this arrangement. This proposal is truly remarkable when you consider that in North China co-education has reached only as high as the kindergarten, and that all of the teaching of boys' schools has heretofore been done by men. At a later session it was proposed that no special preference should be given to the children of church workers, as has been done heretofore; but that the object should be to reach the children of the greatest promise in the community, in order that we may educate leaders for the new China.

The Chihli District's Affairs

"THE District Association meetings began immediately after the sessions of the Station Association meetings were closed. Delegates were present from the four Chihli stations. At the earlier meeting (that of the station) there were present twenty-one foreigners and sixty-nine Chinese; at this meeting there were eighteen foreign and forty Chinese delegates from Tientsin, Peking, Paotingfu, and Tunghsien. One of the most important questions was the placing of the workers for next year. Peking sends five women and one man home on furlough, and when you remember that four of these are heads of schools and that no one has yet been secured for Mr. Frame's place, you will see that the situation for Peking station looks desperate. Peking people thought that they would ask for some of the missionaries to be transferred from Paotingfu; but when they heard that in one of the districts near Paotingfu 3,780 took the first step in church membership last year, they felt that it would be out of the question. They realized, too, that the motion passed last year of the irreducible minimum for each station was a wise one; and that it would not be right to cripple work in one field in order to bolster up that in another; that they must depend upon the Board to send more recruits to fill in the gaps. So Peking is going to do the best she can with depleted forces.

"Another question was brought vividly before the people by Dr. Mackenzie, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, who came from Honan to present the question of organic union of all the Presbyterian bodies, the London Mission, and the American Board in China. A motion was passed approving of it, and referring the question back to the various station associations for more discussion of details.

Social Matters

"NOT all the time in a conference of this kind is given up to business. For a Junior missionary, one of the best parts of such a conference is the visits with the other missionaries around the table and in the evening. Then it is that one comes to get an understanding of the problems in the various stations, of the methods in use, of the causes for failure, and of future hopes. One learns of the great men of the past in mission history, and of what they have done to lay the foundations upon which our work is to be built. Nothing can surpass this fellowship among missionaries. One sees anew the open doors, and feels that he must write to the Board at once to send out more recruits!"

Bible Reading Illegal

WITH China recommending the use of the Christian Scriptures in its public schools; with 35,000,000 copies of the Bible being sold every year; with home-coming army chaplains and Y. M. C. A. secretaries telling of the demand for Bibles and Testaments among army men, and with returned missionaries telling the marvelous effect of Bible stories and verses on non-Christian people, it seems strange enough to learn that in at least seven of the United States it is illegal to read the Bible in the public schools. This, however, is true.

EASTER WEEK AT SACHIKELA

By Rev. MERLIN W. ENNIS, West Central Africa

THE other day I was reading about the topsy-turvy land of Africa, where you go to a wedding and the bridegroom turns into a leopard, or you go to a funeral and the corpse wakes up and takes part in the proceedings. I think it was the same day that I read a published letter from Dan Crawford, which was, so he said, to go south attended by "six strong men carrying six long spears," because the incoming mail man had met a big lion in the way! And I thought to myself: Surely our lines are fallen in dull places, for I never attended a wedding where the bridegroom turned into a leopard; and our mail man has not been eaten up by a lion in a long, long time. Then came Passion Week, and now I am wondering if, in the common round of our very common days, we "Sinais climb and know it not."

It began with Palm Sunday. No, I am mistaken; it began long before that, in the hearts of the people who had been praying for it. But Palm Sunday was the outward and visible sign. The windowless and doorless schoolhouse which is our church was very fine that day, with palms twenty feet or so in length covering with glory every defect. It was a sort of Children's Day. The little brown bodies, which generally mat the dirt floor in front of the very front seats, were today elevated to positions of honor on those same front seats, and rose to sing lustily their own song, *Tumbangiyi ene umala vosi*—"Praise Him, all ye children!" Many villagers were there to look and wonder.

THE EASTER CONFERENCE

The week preceding Easter means the gathering in of as many as possible from the outstations for a week of conference and spiritual strengthening. Mornings are given to conference over matters of importance to the church, and afternoons to devotional meetings; evenings to personal conversations around the hearth fires, which are the only light in these nights when the witness of Standard Oil is withdrawn from Africa. [This was while commerce with Africa was on a war footing.—Editor.]

We came together that first afternoon to discuss the place of prayer in the life of the Christian. The leader was Usenge—Mr. Wood, his name might be translated—teacher and Christian leader from Maka, about three hours away. He is not a prepossessing person, but he knows what he is talking about. The exigencies of his position have driven him, lacking wisdom, to ask of God. Not otherwise could he stand and draw unto him his kindred and neighbors, and then point them from himself to his great Pattern; for Usenge is a prophet in his own country, and not wholly without honor.

SPEAKING OF PRAYER

After him, many others spoke; we, the teachers, were learners that afternoon. We learned that our young men dreamed dreams, and our old men saw visions of which we had had no idea. We saw the foreman of the boys' agricultural work in a new light, as he said:—

"Sometimes when I'm working with the boys I say to them: 'Boys, even though you are in school, maybe you don't understand about praying. Maybe you think it is like calling on your good-luck spirit or bowing before your father's bow, as we used to do.'

"And some of them say, 'We don't understand it, though we are careful not to peek while it is going on.'

"Then I say to them, 'It's this way; when your mother cooks you mush and puts on the tasty *ombelela* of meat or

beans, and you come home hungry, don't you thank her when you take it?'

"Chorus of 'Yes, to be sure.'

"'Don't you want to help her, when she is so kind to you? Well, every good thing we have comes from God, and when we are praying to him we are thanking him for all these things, and asking that we may be helpful to him.' Then they said that they understood it much better, and would not feel a trifle uncanny as to what might be going on when every one closed his eyes so tight. That is the way I talk with my boys sometimes."

Thus our agricultural foreman, and may his tribe increase!

FAMILY DEVOTIONS

The next day we talked about private and family devotions. The leader, Kusita, has learned gentleness and meekness of spirit in something the same way Hosea did; although to be perfectly fair to Mrs. Kusita, not quite such damaging reports have been connected with her name as we are led to suppose were connected with that of the prophet's wife; and during these very meetings she came, making confession as a new and humble disciple. Perhaps there is no better commentary on Kusita, teacher of the school at Ekovongo, than just this fact. Kusita said, frankly, that this matter of family prayers was new to them; they had not had them, and some expressed the conviction that the women would not coöperate; but they all agreed to try it, especially on account of the children.

THE PULL OF THE OLD CUSTOMS

The third afternoon the discussion centered about certain native customs and observances, and the influence they still exert over Christians. The Umbundu Christian knows what Paul means when he speaks about bondage to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. He knows what it was that bewitched the foolish Galatians. It is no light thing to stand out against one's whole clan, gathered for a purification ceremony which will lose its efficacy unless every single member takes part, which thing one young man testified to having done. It requires "a peculiar courage" for a Christian woman to stand the abuse which her relatives will heap upon her in case her baby dies without benefit of witchcraft.

So subtle and vague are these influences that we little dream what strong, invisible hands are always clutching for these lambs of the fold. When some disciple returns to the service of "them that are by nature no gods," we are apt to feel, with the regret, an impatience at the labor we have bestowed in vain. But we are not fully able to judge of the strength of the temptation that assailed him. It was good to hear the ring of genuine conviction in the discussion that afternoon, and surely weak brothers were strengthened thereby.

SEARCHINGS OF HEART

There were searchings of hearts in those days, while the church members were inquiring into the morals and spiritual attainments of the catechumens, and anxiety throbbed in the breasts of those not given to a serious consideration of conduct. Your cook, if she is a catechumen, may not waste your goods without being responsible to the church as well as to you; and your laundry maid may not deck herself in "borrowed" finery without being brought to a strict account. There were some amusing charges discussed in all seriousness, but in general the proceedings were marked by a careful consideration of first things. Six catechumens were selected to enter the church, and a vast number promoted to three or six months' probation.

Two afternoons were devoted to hearing the confessions of those who wished to become disciples. It required careful attention to catch the full import of those words which sometimes came in slow and halting numbers:

"I came here because I was sick; the words were nonsense to me, but now I believe and I wish to know more." "I came to school not because I wanted to, but because my *sekulu* made me. Now, however, I wish to stay and learn the words of God." "I came from a far country; I never knew the face of my father or mother. When I heard the Word of God, I knew that it was he who had cared for me all these years, and I want to know and thank him."

One man, who has been an irregular attendant at church for many years, has this year taken a new and determined stand. He arose and said that he was on a journey to an adjoining tribe where there was war, and he was in imminent peril of his life—those people are cannibals—and like Clovis of old, he vowed that if he escaped with his life he would become a Christian. And so it went on through several hours of absorbing interest.

ON PREACHING

On Friday the discussion was on the technique of village preaching; with just what message can we best approach the untouched heathen? The discussion belied the oft-repeated criticism that the missionary and his converts fail to fit their message, and go on unconcernedly casting their pearls before swine. Some of the young evangelists said that they felt a diffidence in presenting their message before the old men, who said that these were words for children and not "for real men." The extreme value of suitable songs was emphasized, and one young man said that at the first presentation of the words, reading from the Bible, often failed to focus attention; but one might get a text from the songs. He added that in his experience a subject concerning death and the life hereafter would generally gain one a hearing. The words of the leader were a ringing exhortation to press forward in this matter of preaching the gospel. He quoted a native proverb which says, "Marriage is for service," and the implication was plain.

THE EASTER MESSAGE

Easter is not the spring festival in Africa. It does not mean to us the awakening of life after the temporary death of winter. Life is at its fullest, and the harvest is nearing. The flowers are not the delicate ones of the early rains, but the hills are yellow with the wild sunflower and the plains are fragrant with the trailing clematis. We, from the northland, miss the familiar analogy of the springtime; but there were those who were risen with Christ to newness of life, and for them the Easter message was full of meaning. At the close of the service, the whole body of catechumens rose and repeated the words which are their promise to seek the things which are above; then the church rose in a body and received this their charge, promising to help and instruct them.

There remained the communion service and the receiving of four members selected at the Christmas meeting. One of them was an old woman, who would have died as a witch years ago had she not found asylum here. Hers has been a long probation, and seldom have I felt more satisfaction than when her gray hair was wet with the baptismal water.

The message which Easter time has brought to us is a renewed faith in the drawing and keeping power of the Word of God. Now, as ever, one thing is needful; without it, days filled to the brim with feverish service are futile. With it, one cannot wholly fail, however "melancholy are the details."

A DEVIL DRIVE

Priests in devil masks driving evil spirits away from their temple. Police in natty uniforms keeping the crowds from pressing on the drivers !

ON FOOT AROUND PEKING IN A DAY

By Rev. ROWLAND M. CROSS

OUR vacation was short, so two of us, Mr. Douglass Beers, of Tunghsien, and I, decided to see what we could see in one day. We left the Peking mission compound at eight o'clock A.M. and went east, going out through the Ch'i Hua Men. Just outside the city gate we came to a large Taoist building, "East Lofty Mountain Temple." This was a large enclosure, and in the inner court we found around the sides sixty-eight groups of idols, picturing the miseries of the wicked. We saw the animal heaven and the heaven where good officials go. This temple was erected in the Mongol dynasty and dedicated to the Spirit of Mt. T'ai.

We were glad to leave the place and go on farther east, where we came to the Nine Heaven Palace. This was badly kept up, even in worse ruins than most Chinese temples are—a picture of the state of the old religions of China. Then we went across the street to the "Eighteen Hells." If Dante could have visited this place, he could have got lots of material for his "Inferno."

We hurried away from that temple and went straight north, on our way around the city, until we came to the Nan Hai Ta Shih, an attractive looking temple that was just being repaired. Here people that lived in the neighborhood were glad to show us about and tell us of the wonderful cures that were wrought by the incense, etc., that they had in the temple. They gave us a package of powder that would cure all diseases; they gave us a paper which could be taken home and hung up, and told us that if we had business failures we could pray before it and thus get success.

They led us to another room, the

walls of which were covered with little red slips, on which were the names of donors. In that room, also, we saw the tablet of Yuan Shih K'ai's son, who was the patron of this temple. They showed us a god, said to be 700 years old; he looked quite new. They are planning to build a new temple.

ONE OF PEKING'S STREETS

Picture taken from the top of the wall

THE FIVE-TOWERED PAGODA, PEKING

THE GROUND PLAN OF PEKING

Again we started, going north, past the large water-works plant and the northeast tower of the city wall. Not far from that tower we found the Altar of Earth, which has existed since the time of the Mongols, and was rebuilt by Chia Ch'ing (1522–67). In the center of a large enclosure, large enough for many baseball games to go on at once, was a marble altar with three approaches of one stone pailo, or gate, each; and on the north, one approach of two pailos. We learned here the remarkable way in which Peking is laid out. The altar of earth is on the north; the altar of heaven is on the south, with the altar of the sun on the east and the altar of the moon on the west. The Yang principle is associated with heaven, light, day, sun, south, east, and the material realm; the Yin principle, feminine, has to do with the earth, darkness, night, moon, north, west, and the world of spirits. These four altars are in accordance with Yin and Yang.

A mile and a half to the northwest, we came upon the Yellow Temple. As we crossed the fields we met numbers of well-dressed pilgrims coming from the temple, and saw a Ford coming away. The yellow roofs gleamed bright in the distance. The East Yellow Temple had few idols and was dedicated to Sakyumuni Buddha in the seventeenth century, being the occasional residence of the Dalai Lama, Tashi Lumbo. The west wing was built by K'ang Hsi, who had killed a living Buddha. Emperor Ch'ien Lung had the eastern section renovated to house the Mongol princes. In 1780 he built the marble monument in memory of the spirit of Tashi Lumbo, who died of smallpox the year before, while on a visit to Peking. This was a stupendous piece of marble masonry, somewhat out of repair, but of wonderful beauty. On the 13th of the first month this temple has a devil dance, when the priests dress in costume, put on huge masks, and with a Chinese orchestra and whips drive out the demons who are thought to bring in heresy.

IN THE EAST LOFTY MOUNTAIN TEMPLE

THE BIG BELL TEMPLE

Our time was going rapidly, so we hurried on five li across the fields to the "Big Bell Temple." This was just west of the wall around the north of the city, which had been the northern boundary of Kublai Khan's capital. This old wall can still be traced along the north and part of the eastern side of the city, a mile or more outside of the present walls.

The "Big Bell" was cast by the Ming emperor, Yung Lo, as a present to the priest in the fifteenth century. It is 17 feet high, 34 feet in the greatest circumference, 8 inches thick, and weighs from 1,300 to 8,700 pounds. It is inscribed inside and out with Buddhist texts. Dr. Goodrich counted the number of characters on a small section, and estimated that there were 300,000 characters on this one bell.

It was the feast day, and we found great crowds at the temple entrance. Eating booths were much in evidence, as were vendors of all sorts of wares and sellers of *t'anghulers* (long sticks of candied apples). We climbed the winding stairway to the platform above the bell, where we found people trying to throw coins through the top of it, called the Gold Cash Eye. They believed that if they hit the small bell within the larger one, the coins would turn into gold or some good fortune come to them.

The next five li across country brought us to the "Five Pagoda Temple," built in the fifteenth century by Yung Lo, to do honor and to house the five gilded images of Buddha, which had been brought by an Indian. The architecture is as near Indian as a Chinese could make it. Solid masonry built in six tiers is niched on the sides to contain Buddhas. The four corners are capped by four pagodas, the fifth being in the center, with a shrine in front. This temple was considerably injured by the Boxers, many of the Buddhas being destroyed.

AN "AS–YOU–PLEASE" RESTAURANT

We passed the zoölogical gardens, passed the big Catholic cathedral, Our Lady of Martyrs, and entered one of the western gates. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and having eaten nothing except a little candy since eight in the morning, we looked around for a restaurant. We found an unpretentious-looking place, went in through the kitchen, and came to a room filled with men—Mongols, Manchus, and Chinese. We sat down at a table with several of the Manchus, and asked them what kind of a restaurant it was. One man said, "It is an 'As you please' restaurant." We ordered up scrambled eggs, a kind of pancakes, Chinese cabbage (better than foreign cabbage), and pork dumplings. I ate a big meal, and yet the whole feast only cost me 33 coppers (20 cents gold), including a tip to the waiter!

As we went outside the city gate, we struck a stone road and passed the "Temple of the Moon," but had no time to go to another famous temple, the "White Cloud." Outside the west gate of the Chinese city, we saw the thirteen-story pagoda, 100 feet high, one of the most perfect pagodas in this part of China. It contains an image of Buddha, said to date from the fourth century. We rounded the southwest corner of the city at half-past four, noticing the small tower there, evidently built, as all towers are at the corners of the city, as guard-houses.

IN THE MOAT

We discovered that there is a moat all around the city, and that each gate, even of the southern city, had little shops at the entrance. We saw men taking ice from the moat and putting up the summer supply on the banks. We had no time to stop at the sacred tree, whose branches are held up by wooden pillars, nor to stop at the beautiful cemeteries on the southwest.

Across the Tunghsien railroad, around the bend in the city wall, and over the stone road brought us to the southeast corner of the Manchu city and the northeast corner of the Chinese city. We did not enter, because we wanted to complete the circuit; so we followed the moat on the ice, passing the Altar of the Sun in the gathering darkness. The lights of the city tower looked inviting. At seven o'clock we entered the city again by the gate which we had left at 8.30 in the morning, and reached home in time for supper, having covered a distance of 84 li, about 30 miles.

WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER

One gets an idea from such a trip of the magnificent way in which Peking is laid out, with tremendous walls around the Manchu city and smaller walls around the Chinese city at the south; with the immense gates on all sides, most of them protected by towers, to keep the devils from entering the city; with the long streets running through the city; the mountains on the north, west, and east; the four temples, one in each direction —all good *"feng shui"* (wind and water protection). We also thought, as we saw the temples and the old wall of the Kublai Khan capital, that we were living in a city with a history dating way back into the dim past; and then, as we saw the temples, most of them out of repair, we thought of the decadent state of China's religion, and yet how the superstitions still hang on and bring crowds to the temples on feast days. We thought of the poor people who were seeking cures for their diseases and help from those blind images; and then we thought of what Christianity has to offer and how ready the people are for it.

THE TOWER IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE GATES IN THE WALL

It was built to keep the devils from entering the city N. B. — Devils in China, it is reported, can fly only in a straight line

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER A MARTYRDOM

By Rev. ALFRED C. WRIGHT, Guadalajara

THE American Board began work in Mexico in 1872, following up the splendid opening made by Miss Melinda Rankin, of the American and Foreign Christian Union. Missionaries were sent to Guadalajara, and in spite of the bitterest opposition of the Roman Catholics, converts were gained and groups of evangelical believers were established in many different points in the surrounding

REV. JOHN L. STEPHENS
Martyred in Mexico

country, which is one of the most thickly inhabited agricultural regions of the Republic.

Early in 1874, one of the missionaries, Rev. John L. Stephens, went from Guadalajara to the city of Ahualulco, where a small group received him cordially. He rented a house on the central plaza for services and for a night school, and was rapidly gaining the sympathy and the active cooperation of a considerable number of the people.

The parish priest, however, was aroused by his success, openly denounced him from the pulpit, forbade his own flock to have any dealings with the Protestants, and burned in the plaza such Bibles and evangelical literature as he could lay hands upon. Not satisfied with these measures, he incited the people to more definite action. Getting together a mob of the most fanatical and ignorant, after furnishing them freely with liquor, he sent them out at midnight to attack the house of the missionary.

THE KILLING

Aroused by the stoning of his door and by the shouts of the mob, with his Bible in his hand Mr. Stephens climbed to the roof, together with the Mexicans who were with him in the house. The door was soon broken down and the mob rushed in. Others had gained entrance from the back, and among them were several of the town guards dressed in uniform. Stephens, thinking that these would protect him, climbed down and appealed to them, but was felled by the stroke of a *machete*, and was horribly cut to pieces by the infuriated mob.

Later his Mexican helper, Jesús Islas, was found and murdered; and a blind boy, who had been the innocent recipient of kind attentions from Stephens, was brutally killed.

The priest who instigated the crime escaped, but the government arrested three hundred of the mob; retained one hundred of them for formal trial, of whom twenty were convicted. About eight were executed and the rest were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

AND NOW

This was forty-five years ago. Has Mexico changed any in these years?

On March 2, 1919, the anniversary of the martyrdom of Stephens, the missionaries at Guadalajara were invited by the church at Ahualulco to attend a commemorative service such as is held each year on this date. The house in which the crime was perpetrated was secured for mission premises soon after the scene described,

the owner contributing about half of its value for that purpose. A congregation was soon formed, first under the American Board, subsequently transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and has just been turned over again to the American Board, in accordance with the new coöperative plan of mission work now being inaugurated in Mexico.

FEELING OF THE COMMUNITY CHANGED

While the carnival which precedes Lent was at its height, with services crowding the great church to its capacity and with hundreds of adherents, chiefly pure Indians, kneeling in the open court and out to the middle of the street; although many devotees had taken advantage of the open booths on the plaza, devoted to the sale of liquor, to get gloriously drunk; and although they promenaded the plaza in front of the evangelical church with bands of music and songs, yet not a single word offensive to the Protestants was heard.

The church proper was not used on this occasion, as it was not a strictly religious service, though held on Sunday night. But the extensive corridor at one side was draped with evergreen, a large picture of the martyred Stephens was surrounded with wreaths, a platform for speakers was arranged at one side, and an orchestra of five pieces was employed to provide the music. A vivid description of the events leading up to the assassination and of the event itself was read, and there followed an address by the director of the public schools, not an evangelical, but a warm sympathizer, recitations, and music by the orchestra interspersed. The program began at eight and lasted three hours.

CHRISTIANS IN HONORABLE PLACES

The influence of evangelical Christianity in that place may be judged from the fact that two of the most highly esteemed of the public school teachers are graduates of our Instituto Colón, and the director of schools and his wife were educated under evangelical influences. A former student of the Colegio Internacional is employed in the office of the tax collector; and two other graduates of Instituto Colón and of a training school for nurses at San Antonio, Texas, are considered the best medical authorities of the place and are busy constantly with patients from all classes of society.

These two trained nurses have offered their services to the mission, free, for two hours daily, to direct a clinic and dispensary in a room now being built as an addition to the mission property. The poor will be treated free of charge and medicines will be provided at cost to those needing such aid, while religious instruction will be given to all who apply there for treatment. It is proposed to name the room "Sala de Curaciones *Stephens*," in memory of the first martyr of evangelical Christianity in Mexico.

LOOKING AHEAD

The attitude of this church at Ahualulco, recently transferred from the protective care of the Methodist Episcopal Church South to that of the American Board, is indicative of that of all those churches so far—one of the greatest cordiality and willingness to adapt themselves to the new order of things and to coöperate fully in extending the influence of true Christianity in this region.

INSTITUTO COLON, GUADALAJARA

RICHARD STANLEY MERRILL EMRICH

By WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT, D.D.

DO we ever see in any scene of consecration a tithe of the radiance discerned by Him who knows the things to come? If we could have known—we who watched Stanley Emrich sail away on a summer day in 1905 to his life work in Turkey—that after nearly fourteen years of devotion he was to be the first of an American relief party after world war to lay down his life in that land, would not that scene have glowed with light in our eyes even more than our love then made it?

It was luminous, indeed, as we saw it. The stalwart father, his beloved gray head bared, stood on the pier then, waving his benediction—imparting for all beholders more than the usual impressiveness of such occasions; and the young couple at the great ship's rail waved back their farewell as if borne away in a rapturous vision. Last February, when the son once more took his leave to go to the land of his loving dreams, he penned a farewell for his father, in which were the words, "The Heavenly Father sends me, and *you* send me, too." Father and son—this is the divine ideal of service, envisaged and enshrined for us all in this memorable pair of men.

REV. R. S. M. EMRICH

Stanley worked in Mardin, Eastern Turkey, as principal of the High School for Boys, until war conditions in 1914 forced him to follow his little family to America. At Mardin he developed certain industrial opportunities, affording both instructional training and means of livelihood for the youth of that hard-pressed region. His linguistic scholarship was so effective, his understanding of life and habits of thought in the Near East was so discerningly sympathetic, his warm-hearted manliness was so engaging, that his personal influence became eminent. He encountered the problems which genius and heroism usually have to weather, but always with the grace of a lover's devotion.

During their enforced war-time stay in America, he gave himself to work among foreign-speaking peoples, and at length to campaigning for the American Committee for Relief in the Near East; and the wife became a brilliant public pleader, far and wide, in behalf of Armenia's Turk-torn people. At last his chance to go back to Turkey came, and he sailed once more with the royal company of returning missionaries and special relief workers. The wife, it was hoped, could follow him soon with their three little boys.

But while she was continuing to move the hearts of assemblies in Armenia's behalf, suddenly the cable brought word that Stanley had died of influenza on May 4, in Aleppo. We who found her afield, with heart and hands full of work for the cause that bound the two together across all seas between them, may not speak of aught but the bravery that shone through tears as she heard that he had given to that cause "the last full measure of devotion."

Dying in Aleppo—in the van of the relief expedition pushing its way to meet the awful needs of the people he loved—the life of this valiant man came to a veritable crowning, even when viewed as the soldier in worldly war reckons glory.

But the splendor of such a dying is surpassingly fine when seen in the glow of the light eternal.

THEN AND NOW AT LU HO ACADEMY

By CHAUNCEY GOODRICH, D.D., Peking

EARLY in April a goodly representation from Lu Ho Middle School (or the "Jefferson Academy," as it is to be called, now that Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has completed its $40,000 fund for the school and has assumed its support) came from Tunghsien to visit Peking, and gave a remarkable and varied exhibition of their talents. As one of a large audience I listened to their music, and witnessed their acting and their athletic exhibition with great delight.

Meanwhile my mind wandered back to the far-away beginning of the school. In August of 1865, after a six months' voyage in a sailing ship, I arrived at Peking. It was the second year of Protestant missionary effort in the capital of China.

Coming up the canal from Tientsin in a house boat, Mr. Blodget had taught me to write three Chinese hymns in Romanized form. The day after arrival we met for prayers in Mr. Blodget's study, and I was requested to lead the singing! What singing! There were already two boarding schools of exceedingly primary character, gathered chiefly from poverty-stricken families; a boys' school of twelve, and a girls' school of six. The boys' school was immediately given in charge of the one-day-old missionary! In order to prepare myself for the office of precentor, I devoted much time to the small hymn book. After about six weeks I commenced a singing class for the two schools, with meetings twice each week. A fortnight later, by request, the London Mission School boys

GUESTS COMING FROM THE TRAIN

On the occasion of the installation of Rev. H. S. Martin to the principalship of the Lu Ho Academy (now Jefferson) last autumn. They are General Wang, "first citizen" of Tunghsien; Mrs. Sheffield, who with her husband taught here; Dr. H. S. Galt, former president of the college; Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich, who lived here many years; other Americans, alumni, and friends of the students

were added. It is enough to say that our musical education began at the bottom.

In my boys' school were two brothers, the younger of whom bore a name—Literary Longevity Perfect—of which his appearance gave no sign, and furnished no prophecy. These brothers were transferred to Tientsin, and a year later to Tungchow (as then named), and were the nucleus of the first school in that city. It may be said in passing that Literary Longevity has long been a rare teacher, and was chosen as the first Chinese principal of the Language School in Peking.

AT A CLASS TRACK-MEET

Athletics flourish at Jefferson Academy

Five years later I followed the "Perfect" brothers to Tungchow, and we continued our efforts in song. I also made some rude gymnastic apparatus, and set it up in the open. There I taught my theological students some of the stunts we practiced half a century ago in our Williams College $5,000 gymnasium.

Later, under Mr. Tewksbury's enthusiastic training, our then Lu Ho Academy students surprised us by singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" of "The Messiah." Mr. Tewksbury was followed by Lucius Porter, who gave the students such careful and skillful training that even the academy boys now appear as a Glee Club, with one of their own number as leader, an example of how the impossible is always becoming the historic.

The singing of these academy students, as they appeared in the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium in Peking on April 5 this year, in their black gowns and white collars, seemed to me wonderful. They sang: "We meet again tonight, boys," for a school song; such sacred songs as "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," and the "Hallelujah Chorus," which had to be repeated; and then the song, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile." The athletic exhibition, which included the swinging of Indian clubs, dumb-bell drill, and pyramid building, was nearly perfect. How the whole audience clapped! And, by the way, I never knew a Chinese audience to clap till after the Boxer time!

Part of the entertainment was a pantomime representing the development and hopes of the school. The audience recognized various characters who have had a share in the academy's life, and appreciated the various "take-offs" on them.

The exhibition closed with the dramatic presentation of an imaginary reception to Dr. L. C. Warner, of New York City, who with his son, Mr. Franklin H. Warner, has just given $20,000 for a new gymnasium and auditorium.

The fine grounds, buildings, and equipment in Tunghsien, lately occupied by the Union College (now moved to Peking, and forming a part of the Peking University), have been given to this school, which will honor itself by the name, "Jefferson Academy."

The principal, Rev. Harry S. Martin, has just returned from furlough, full of enthusiasm and hope, and strengthened by the thought of the great church behind him which has taken the new academy into its heart. The whole North China Mission unites with Mr. and Mrs. Martin in their new gladness and ideals.

A CEYLON FUNERAL

By Rev. JAMES H. DICKSON, of Tellippallai, Ceylon

EASTERN and Western customs differ in many ways, but perhaps in nothing is the contrast sharper than in the events that follow death in a Ceylon home. Up to the actual moment of death, the house is relatively quiet—one needs to use a qualifying phrase, for illness attracts relatives and friends literally by the score, most of whom are admitted to the sick room even in the gravest cases, where we would consider quiet essential; there is no such thing as visitors being excluded from an Eastern sick room, and any attempt to enforce it quickly leads to trouble.

The weirdest of weird sounds is the sudden burst of grief that follows death; on the stillness of the night it falls with a blast that is almost terrifying; a score or scores of men and women who have been awaiting the dread event instantly unite in wailing in all keys and tones; sharp, shrieking women's voices mingle with deeper men's notes, and now and then the plaintive cries of childhood emerge from the babel of sounds. For hours this continues, until exhaustion finally ends it—for a season. The low caste drummers, usually ten or twelve in number, are called in and add to the distressing din that can easily be heard a half-mile away. In a hot climate the last rites cannot long be delayed; the law makes it a penal offense to keep a corpse longer than twenty-four hours, or to conduct a funeral between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. Furthermore, those in the house of mourning will not touch food until the last rites have been performed; and if, as often happens, little or no food has been taken for days previously, an added reason urges haste. So it often happens that only a few hours elapse between death and the funeral.

The Brahman priest is called, and when as many of the relatives as can be expected have arrived, he begins his office, assisted by the eldest son of the deceased, if possible, or if not, then

SERVICE AT THE HOUSE, CORPSE IN THE CHAIR, BRAHMAN PRIESTS STANDING

THE PROCESSION, TOM-TOM BEATERS LEADING

by the nearest male relative. Great importance for the repose of the soul of the deceased is attached to this participation, and often when all arguments to dissuade a young man from becoming a Christian have failed, the last appeal is based on this belief.

The service at the house usually does not take more than half an hour, and consists of ceremonies and incantations the meaning of which it is doubtful if even the priests themselves understand; certainly the people do not understand them, and explanations given me by intelligent Hindus have differed widely. Hindu ritual has grown gradually through several millenniums, and in any case "reasons" and "historicity" are not elements that ever trouble Hindu mentality.

The service over, men of the special caste that serve at funerals step forward and make ready to place the corpse on the bier. Immediately an indescribable scene of grief and confusion ensues. The drummers are beating their loudest, women and children are wailing and shrieking; some women pass in circular procession about the corpse, beating their breasts and calling in endearing terms to the deceased; others, with arms locked about necks, sway backward and forward, moaning and groaning; the nearest relatives embrace or fondle the corpse, uttering endearing terms. Finally, the men of the undertaking caste push the relatives aside and carry the corpse to the bier. Of late years the body is commonly placed in a rude coffin of thin wood, over which colored paper is pasted; but sometimes, especially at high caste funerals, the corpse is placed bolt upright in a chair to which it is tied, and, placed high on a palanquin, with a lofty canopy over it, is carried from the house to the cremation ground.

All high caste Hindus are cremated, but low castes are buried. Christians, taught by the early missionaries to bury their dead, regard as unchristian and disloyal to Christ a movement to substitute cremation for burial, originating among some of the more advanced and intelligent Christians, who know that cremation is gaining steadily in the West.

The funeral procession, if elaborate, consists first of low caste men bearing wood for the funeral pyre; next, low caste women bearing large, empty, earthenware pots into which they blow and make weird sounds; next, come the tom-tom beaters, ten to fifteen in number; then the washermen, who spread yards of cloth before the advancing corpse-carriers, all the way from house to cremation ground, as a special mark of honor, the same cloth being used over and over; next follows the bier, and closely after the Brahman priest with the carrier of the sacred fire, brought from the temple to ignite the pyre; lastly follow the relatives and friends. All walk—I have never seen conveyances carrying any one to a funeral; all who go are men—women and children stay at the house. Arrived at the cremation ground, the body is quickly placed on a heavy bed of wood and the last rites performed by the priest, following which the body is covered completely with wood and the sacred fire applied. This is the signal for all to disperse, and the funeral is over.

The East has its own ways of expressing life's joys and sorrows; because they are not our ways, or because they are even offensive to Western ideas, does not mean that real joy or sorrow fails to find expression. It is worth noting that the tendency is toward a less noisy demonstration of grief, and particularly to dispense with the tom-tom beaters as other means of expressing sorrow become known.

THE USE OF A "B ACCOUNT"

By Rev. HARRY S. MARTIN
Principal of Jefferson Academy, Tunghsien

In the following article Mr. Martin describes a situation, a need, an appeal, and an opportunity which confront practically every missionary on all our fields, who has charge of educational work. The problem of enabling boys and girls of promise to get the education for which they are eager is a constant burden on missionary minds and hearts. — The Editor.

IT is the beginning of the second semester in our academy. I have been receiving tuition and board fees this week, arranging classes, and meeting new students.

I wish you could have been in my place to receive some impressions of what it means for a Chinese family "to pass over the days," *i. e.*, "to make a living," and at the same time to be able to give their children some sort of an education. Some boys have come with their purses full, and have easily passed out the bills to pay for "first-class food" and full tuition. Between twenty-five and thirty per cent of the students have paid everything—board, room rent, tuition, and fees in full. About half have paid board, room rent, and fees, but have received some help from the school for tuition, at the recommendation of their churches.

But there is a group who are not able to pay even all the boarding fees, and that is the group that puts the wrinkles into one's brow. Most of them are hard-working, ambitious students, and are from families, usually Christian, who are desirous of giving their sons an education.

Here comes a young fellow in the Junior class, the president of the Young Men's Christian Association, who brings only half of what we ask.

"Aren't you able to bring more than this?" I ask.

"No," he replies; "I have been doing everything I can to get enough money, and finally my father pawned part of the furniture in our house to get together these dollars."

Another young man, a Senior, the most brilliant man we have in school; one who, if he can fulfill his ambition of becoming a preacher, will make a strong one, comes back from his home with a heavy heart, because of the

pressure brought to bear to have him stop school and begin a business which will bring something into the family coffers. The father has land, but it has been under water for the last six years, and what little savings were accumulated have long ago vanished.

A helper from one of the outstations brings his son. The father is a conse-

THE WEST END OF WILLIAMS HALL OF THE JEFFERSON ACADEMY

This hall is a dormitory. In the first story of the octagonal tower is the office, the second is a recitation room, and the third a teachers' room

crated man, but has never had theological training, and so gets but ten dollars a month. One month's salary he donates to the church where he is located, but he wishes to give two months' salary to the support of his son in school, if we can help some.

I could tell you of case after case to which I have listened these last few days. Parents are willing to sacrifice and the students to work at anything we can give them to do. We do not wish to pauperize, but there are many we desire to help. That is one of the reasons why we are so keen to get our vocational department established.

I have a little account in the bank which I call my "B account." From it I draw in certain cases, and I find the investments I make with this money often bringing returns thirty, sixty, and one hundred fold. A large part of my B Account is not my own money. Some friend has said: "Here is a bit of money. Use it in any way you see fit." Some have given more than a bit. I put it on my B Account, and it comes out rapidly, but happily, on such days as these. The cashier tells me this account is rather low just at present. Exchange is creeping up, however, and it looks as though gold drafts will soon be worth more in silver than they have been during these years of war.

Last week I was in Peking for a day. One of the strong young teachers of our grammar school there is able to do the good work he is doing because of this B Account. The teacher of our primary school, for many years an orphan, might be hauling a ricksha or even engaged in less beneficial labor, were it not for the money that has gone through that B Account from a generous-hearted Boston friend. Instead, this young man, earnest and self-respecting, asks that he may give me half of his munificent salary of twelve dollars a month that I may save it to go toward the expenses of two years of college work he hopes to take later on. The young theological student I met, who com-

TAKING THE HURDLES

At a class track-meet, Jefferson Academy

pletes his seminary course this year, would not be ready to fill the important place waiting for him were it not for a B Account.

And so it goes, one young man after another coming forward to take his place in this new-born republic because some of you take an interest in my B Account.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR MAY

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR APPROPRIATIONS

	From Churches	From Individuals	From S. S. and Y. P. S. C. E.	From Twentieth Century Fund and Legacies	From Matured Conditional Gifts	Income from General Permanent Fund	Totals
1918	$14,335.48	$8,169.25	$848.42	$2,355.25	$1,565.00	$1,663.50	$28,936.90
1919	14,684.08	2,550.00	636.62	5,106.75	26,000.00	1,432.50	50,409.95
Gain	$348.60			$2,751.50	$24,435.00		$21,473.05
Loss		$5,619.25	$211.80			$231.00	

FOR NINE MONTHS TO MAY 31

1918	$225,739.53	$38,026.47	$11,821.02	$153,419.69	$28,318.36	$18,789.02	$476,114.09
1919	250,472.81	34,512.56	11,680.88	177,220.14	79,366.67	22,644.89	575,897.95
Gain	$24,733.28			$23,800.45	$51,048.31	$3,855.87	$99,783.86
Loss		$3,513.91	$140.14				

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR WORK OF WOMAN'S BOARDS AND OTHER OBJECTS
FOR NINE MONTHS TO MAY 31

	From Woman's Boards	For Special Objects	Income from Sundry Funds and Miscellaneous	Totals
1918	$267,736.62	$97,347.00	$9,431.66	$374,515.28
1919	268,337.72	94,490.39	10,042.47	372,870.58
Gain	$601.10		$610.81	
Loss		$2,856.61		$1,644.70

ALREADY SPENT

IF any of the Board's friends look at the beautiful figures showing a gain for the nine months of $100,000, they will need to be reminded that those figures do not mean a profit, nor a net balance, nor money in hand; but they show just one point, and that is increased receipts this year over last year in the same period. But the Board's expenditures during this same period have also very largely increased. The treasury informs us from month to month of the large increases in our budget, of the leap in costs for all travel supplies and exchange. The Board has *already spent* this amount of increased income, and we are not within sight of those wonderful words, "Balance on hand," which we so eagerly desire to read when the books are closed for the year.

We are reminded that even to this date no financial statement has yet been received of the emergency expenditures made by our missions in Turkey and the Balkans during the four long years of war. We know the stories of increased costs of living and of very large increases in expenses

on every hand, but these have not been reduced to figures. When those figures come, they will eat up the entire War Emergency Fund, so far as it has been raised to date.

We dread the day of reckoning from the Near East, because it is perfectly clear that in the emergencies of war, deportation, massacre, and famine the expenditures for schools, colleges, hospitals, and the living costs of our missionaries must have been multiplied.

The rising cost of silver is increasing the cost of doing our work in China from day to day, for as silver rises exchange falls. It is quite likely that this one item, borne on the Board's Budget for the entire year, will go beyond the full $100,000 gained in receipts as chronicled on this page.

The Board's representatives in Turkey have not yet been able to outline the expenditures that are immediately necessary to reopen our stations, repair the buildings, and start the work. When that bill comes in, we will have to count heavily on the loyalty of our friends and of our churches.

A FAREWELL SERVICE

The chapel was full. Almost every seat was taken. Many of the people had never seen a missionary starting out on his journey before. There were special circumstances in this occasion. The young man and his wife were going to take the place of the father who fell at his post, of the same disease he was fighting through the entire district. His mother was present at the service, just arrived, after four years of horror including massacre, deportation, and the fight against dread disease in Turkey. What must have been her thoughts as her son stepped forward to take the place of the father who had fallen in action! The wife's mother was there, too, brought by a hasty message from a distant city.

The surpliced choir sang an anthem of triumph. The sermon of the evening dwelt on the glory of a life invested where it brings great returns. Contrast was drawn from the first efforts of a hundred years ago with the present, when every barrier seems to be removed and when all our work in Armenia is about to leap forward under the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and, it may be, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

The beautiful words of personal greeting were spoken by the pastor, and then the two young missionaries made reply in words of simplicity, of deep spiritual truth, and of remarkable though unexpressed heroism. The wife said: "Our hearts are full tonight, too full for expression. We go to represent all of you, and we can only promise you that we will do our best."

The doctor-husband added thoughts like these: "We are glad to be starting for Turkey. It is not a great thing to do. The rich life of my father is one to beckon, not to deter. Suppose that one does lay a life down in such service in the future, distant or near, what of it? It is the spirit of the hour. Any man unwilling to die for the Cause he fights for is unfitted to live for *any Cause*. Thousands of men have died for our country and for the world. Surely we all must be more than willing to die, if need be, for this cause of righteousness, this multiplying of Christ throughout the earth. Should we count it hard or seek to avoid so plain and clear an issue? Spiritual investment of life awaits us out there, and we shall count upon this church to back us up while we go to prove the promises and the power of Christ."

These are not his exact words, but they catch something of his thought, spoken in great simplicity. One little secret is worth telling about that meeting. There sat one man in the pews, looking upon these young people as his *investment*. Every dollar that they cost the Board for years to come will be paid by this man of means, who believes in them, in the work they will do, and in this hour of opportunity.

A SALUTATORY

Members of the Conference for New Missionaries!—Fifty of you have been gathered in Boston for nearly two weeks, in your last days of training before you start for the ends of the earth in the name of the Board and of our Master. You have come to know us and we have tried to share with you the common burdens of the Home Offices, and have spread before you the problems of the Home Churches.

Three of you are the children of missionaries, and you therefore know the trials, limitations, and sacrifices of missionary life. The rest must learn these for themselves. Those of us who remain at home wish that we could take from your path every obstacle, and from your shoulders every burden; but the cause of missions will always be a field for sacrifice. You are going out without thought of personal gain, leaving many family problems unsolved behind you, and trusting only in the commands and promises of Christ.

Think often of the cloud of witnesses behind you. Call to your thought the three hundred years of our Pilgrim heritage. These also left home and land to build straight in the desert a highway for their God. We have been reminded of the achievements of our forefathers in education, in settling the frontier, in giving the spiritual message to a materialistic age. These traditions you must carry forward. Many missionaries were with you here to give advice and inspiration. You must let their hearty joy in this fellowship of Christ encourage you to face the unknown.

The thousands of friends of the Board who make this work possible were pressed upon your thought. You must help us in the Home Churches to feel new interest and to respond with new power in the days that are before us. Perhaps the deepest incentive is in the thought of those thousands who will one day gather round the throne because of your work, your schools, your hospital wards, your preached Word. For their sakes you have sanctified yourselves.

It is the call of duty, not of pleasure. It is the call to achievement in the hidden corners of the earth, but in the name of Christ. We greet you as you go, and we bear the same yoke with you. Those of us in these offices at home pledge you to do our utmost to make your work successful and your sacrifice fruitful. Those in the churches, in the widening horizon of five thousand cities, can only rejoice in your faithfulness and pledge you our partnership.

This is the greatest work in the world upon which you have entered. No other task can bring deeper spiritual compensations. No other labor can show more strategic results than can this work; no other age could ever offer such opportunities as today. You also shall see of the travail of your souls, and shall be satisfied through all the years to come.

A ZULU KRAAL IN NATAL FROM A NEAR-BY HILL

Other similar kraals are seen in the distance. The huts in this kraal are specially well made and the wall in good repair

A ZULU KRAAL AND SOME OF ITS INMATES

STUDIES OF THE KRAAL DWELLERS, AFRICA

YOUNG MEN OF ONE OF THE KRAALS BY THEMSELVES

These men, probably father and sons, are not untouched by civilization by any means; the fourth from the left carries a good umbrella, the fifth from the right has a businesslike pipe in his mouth. Such a group might easily be seen within five miles of one of our stations, on some Zulu festival occasion, while perhaps a day or two after some of the young men would be met dressed in full "white man's clothes" from Johannesburg

A WELL-MADE ZULU HUT

Grass laid on in mats. Note the married woman's headdress, as distinctive as a white woman's wedding ring

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

JAPAN

Japan Honored in New York

Early in June two distinguished citizens of Japan were entertained in New York at a dinner presided over by Mr. Marling, a prominent Presbyterian layman and president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, etc. The guests of honor were Baron Goto, at one time premier of the Japanese empire, and Dr. Nitobe, a distinguished editor and author of "Bushido," a widely read volume. Invited to meet these gentlemen were representatives of all the Mission Boards having work in Japan or Korea, and others interested in missions. Dr. John C. Berry, of the Prudential Committee, but formerly a member of the American Board's Mission to Japan, represented the Board at the function. Dr. Berry writes:—

"Mr. Marling was toastmaster, and his introductory speech emphasized the value of the Christian life as a life of love—a principle necessary not only in individuals, but in national relations.

"Secretary Brown followed with a written address, in which he related, first, the value of property put into Japan and Korea by the missionary societies of America; second, the amount of money expended each year for the support of Christian work there in all its branches; and third, the number of Christian workers who had consecrated their lives to this great humanitarian effort. He emphasized the fact that all this was not for selfish gain, but as an expression of loyalty to Jesus Christ and of interest in the welfare of humanity. They were actuated, therefore, by a lofty idealism. He then emphasized the fact that, as nations grew in strength, their responsibilities for weaker nations were correspondingly enhanced. If that responsibility was used selfishly, as in the case of Germany, it would bring disaster; and the only safe procedure, therefore, was to allow such responsibilities to be exercised in love.

"Following his speech was a written address by the head of the Teachers' College, in which he emphasized the importance of teaching every student individually and with reference to their individual characteristics; and cited the experience of the recent war, where American soldiers could re-form on the battlefield when officers had been killed or wounded, while the German soldiers, under similar conditions, were helpless. Following his speech was a brief address by an Episcopal bishop. This ended the addresses of the Americans. During these speeches a Japanese interpreter sat close to Baron Goto and kept up a constant whispering, thus enabling the baron to follow all that was said; though, of course, he understood considerable without interpretation.

"Baron Goto was then called upon, and after a few introductory remarks in Japanese, in which he expressed very great pleasure in being present, his interpreter read his address in English. The baron declared that he could not claim to be a Christian and bear the Christian name, but that he studied the Bible carefully, especially the teachings of Jesus Christ. That spiritual light and guidance were vouchsafed to every man who earnestly sought it, and that this seeking was his daily habit. He expressed regret that Christianity had not made more rapid progress in Japan, and could only account for this on the grounds that somehow it had not been presented to the people with an Asiatic interpretation. The Asiatic people

delight in mysticism and symbolism as conveying knowledge of spiritual things, while he feared that too literal an interpretation had been given to the teachings of Jesus. He said that his government welcomes the coöperation of Christian missions, for all they had done was wholesome and uplifting; and in the future, as in the past, they should receive the protection of the law.

"Dr. Nitobe, whom you know as an earnest Christian and who married a Christian wife, is now president of the Union Woman's College in Tokyo. He began by modestly saying that he did not know whether he was justified in claiming that he was a consistent follower of Jesus, but that this was his aim and desire—that the spiritual development and uplift that had come into his life was beyond his power adequately to express; that he fully anticipated the growth of the Christian faith among his people; and that he was convinced that many thoughtful people had already entered into the spirit of the Christian faith, though not identified with the Christian church.

"He added that he wished to illustrate this by a story: 'In the early seventies, when Dr. Mason went to Japan to teach Western music, he asked for a Japanese teacher, that he might learn something of Japanese music. A blind musician was given him, an expert in his art. After he had given a demonstration of Japanese music, he asked that Dr. Mason favor him by playing on the piano. He listened intently until a certain note on the piano was struck. He started and said, "Stop, Dr. Mason," and asked if that note was correct. The doctor replied somewhat evasively and went on playing. Again the same note was struck, and with like effect upon the blind musician. At this, Dr. Mason opened the piano, and found, to his surprise, that the wire of the note in question was slightly defective.' Dr. Nitobe then desired to tell another story: 'I have,' he said, 'a very dear friend in Japan, the most brilliant artist that Japan has produced for 200 years. He lost a very beautiful daughter, of whom he was devotedly fond. Following her death he painted her portrait. Shortly after this an English artist visited Japan and, in meeting other artists, met this one, Mr. Seiso. After looking at some of his pictures the artist unrolled this one of his daughter. The English artist was immediately entranced by the remarkable expression on the face of the child. After a few minutes of silence the English artist inquired of Seiso how he could produce such an illustration of spirituality in a portrait. He replied, "It was my daughter." The Englishman bowed and quietly said, "I understand." Thus it is that experts in the spiritual and higher realms of thought experience like feelings and impressions.'

"These two addresses from the Japanese made a very profound impression upon the guests, and several spoke to me to the effect that they had never come in touch before with such lines of Japanese thought—delicate, refined, impressive."

Prosperity and Problems at Kobe College

The principal of Kobe College, Miss Charlotte B. DeForest, writes that the present college year (in Japan the school year begins in the spring) has opened, with such prosperity as they have never known before. "Two hundred and forty girls paid application fees for examination to our entrance class, to which we intended to admit only sixty. But the pressure was so great and so many good examinations were passed, that we crowded in seventy, rejecting, even then, some dozen who had passed all the examinations."

Then there came a telegram from the governor, asking a place in the first-year class for his daughter. With a waiting list and a number of eligible scholars rejected, it did not seem fair

to squeeze in the governor's daughter. After much deliberation, they decided to change the classrooms in such a way as to allow the entrance of those on the waiting list—and the governor's daughter!

The entering class of the College Preparatory this year numbered thirty; while the Special English course—the college feeder—enrolls thirty-nine, coming from government schools largely, on all the main islands of the empire and from Korea. Many of these girls stood high in their former schools and are good college material.

The total enrollment of Kobe College, in its various departments and classes, is 433.

*

A College Girl's Ambitions

We are indebted also to Principal DeForest for the following eloquent tribute to a Kobe College girl who died in her freshman year. The interpretation of her ambitions and of her character was given in the college chapel by Pastor Yonezawa. It reads:—

"There have been two funerals of Kobe College students within a few days. One was here in the chapel and you all came. It is the other one of which I wish to speak—or rather of the girl herself. Kiyoe San, as you know, was a freshman in the college when she was taken ill and had to rest; but what was her purpose in getting a higher education? She had set her heart on studying medicine. Why that? Not because she wanted to ride around in a carriage and attract attention as a prodigy; no, she wanted to be a medical missionary. And to whom? To her own people? No, to China. Think of it!

"It is nothing unusual in America for a young woman to want to be a foreign missionary; but in Japan it is most extraordinary. And why a medical missionary? That through the healing of the body she might gain an approach for the healing of the soul. When a mission board starts work in any uncivilized country, there are two wings on which the message is borne—the wing of education and the wing of healing. It was so in Japan, too: Doshisha and Kobe College for education; and for healing, Dr. Berry, who was here visiting us last year. And it was Kiyoe San's hope that she might carry the gospel on the wing of healing, even as far as distant Tibet.

Kiyoe San's Memorial

"Now I appeal to you, young women. Is this hope of Kiyoe San's to be left to die and be buried with her? Nay rather, is it not yours to take up and fulfill it? Is there not some one to carry out her ideal? I appeal to you, her classmates, to form a memorial organization to make possible the carrying out of her hope—to raise a scholarship fund to be used by one whose life is devoted to the same purpose as Kiyoe San's. Don't be anxious as to where the money will come from. I will do my best to help you raise a fund of three hundred yen for this purpose. I know givers, glad givers, can be found.

"I start tonight to Tokyo to take part in the forward movement of two of our churches. And I shall say to them in the capital who look down on us in the west: 'Look here! *We* have had a young woman who wanted to give her life as a medical missionary to China!' Shall we not rise up and work to make possible the sending of a substitute for Kiyoe San?"

*

TURKEY

Dr. Christie Gets There

Writing from somewhere in the Bay of Bengal, on March 14, Dr. Thomas D. Christie, who sailed from San Francisco, January 15, on his long return trip to Tarsus, says:—

"I hope to be in Tarsus by April 15. I wired this from Singapore to Tarsus,

but shall I find Mrs. Christie there? Hundreds of people are waiting in Singapore for passage west; among them a thousand Germans, now to be repatriated. The government is seizing every berth, in cargo boats as well as in regular liners.

"The *Glenary* is a cargo ship; I got a corner in her with great difficulty at Hongkong, but only to Singapore. The captain wanted to take me to Port Said, letting me sleep in the 'office'—a room six feet by four; but the agents said it was impossible, they feared the Colonial Secretary. I got a good letter from our American consul general; but still 'impossible.' The good captain managed it; he had me sign on as purser. So I am no longer a passenger, but an officer of the ship. When I leave at Port Said he will report me as a deserter! My salary is to be one shilling a month; shall punch a hole in that coin and wear it as a talisman suspended round my neck!

"Captain Roger, of Aberdeen, pupil of our kind friend, Sir William Ramsay, says I must not use my passport, simply go ashore as a ship's officer. It's a good thing my name is Scotch. Did you ever hear of camouflage equal to this?

"Like old Ulysses, 'I seek the lands beyond the Western stars.' And speaking of stars, the Southern Cross is worth coming here to see. As Dante said: 'I turned me to the right hand and set my mind on the other pole, and saw four stars never yet seen save by the first people. The heavens seemed to rejoice in their flames. O northern, widowed clime, since thou art bereft of beholding them!'

"With much love, in the spirit of '76."

Dr. Christie is absolutely irrepressible. How Scotch ancestry produced such Italian vivacity it's hard to tell; but Dante and the spirit of '76 surely make a good blend.

A note from Mrs. Christie, in Tarsus, reports the doctor's arrival there on April 8. She says:—

"Here in Tarsus he had a great reception. A perfect jam was at the station of all classes and religions; a fine carriage was in waiting and we were loaded with bouquets. At the school, the kindergarten children sang songs of welcome in both English and French, and strewed flowers and myrtle for us to walk over. In the garden were tables and chairs; and a company of prominent persons, French officers and important officials, the governor included, had gathered to welcome Mr. Christie. We have had streams of callers every day since."

*

Harpoot News

Dr. Ruth A. Parmelee, of Harpoot, who went out with the A. C. R. N. E. party on the *Leviathan*, sends us from Constantinople copies of letters and pieces of news which awaited her there from her station. We pass on some of the items to the deeply interested friends here:—

Telegrams have announced Dr. Barton's brief visits, in early May, to Harpoot and to Sivas. Miss Mary L. Graffam, who has been at Sivas all through the war, was reported as on the way to Samsoun, on the Black Sea, with the Barton party, and it was hoped that arrangements could be made to bring them all back to Constantinople direct.

In Daily Expectation

Miss Marie Jacobsen (Danish), in charge of the American relief work at Harpoot before the latest party reached the city, writes Dr. Parmelee:—

"It made my heart throb so fast to read your letter, to see all the big plans you have, and to hear you are bringing so many new workers, food, clothing. You dear, lucky people! Here I have been alone for three years, and have had to say 'No' to so many, and to be so careful with every piaster. When you come, you are going to help

everybody; give clothes, food, medicine, yes, even shoes. People are looking forward to the clothes and shoes, and all think they will have their share, even the Turks. I hope the schoolgirls and my many nice children will have some.

"Do you believe me, I have been longing so for you that when I now sit down and think about you so near, something fills my throat. Do come quick—it has been oh, so hard: two years full of fear, anxiety, great responsibility!

"Can you realize what it means to be responsible for more than a thousand people, and all the work and workers? I have to be mother, teacher, doctor, and all. There is more than enough work for all who come.

"Your rooms have been ready since the beginning of March. I clean and dust them every two days, in case you should come unannounced."

"Please Come Soon!"

Miss Petersen, in charge of an Armenian orphanage at Harpoot, supported by Danish funds, writes:—

"Would it be possible for me to buy from your supplies stuff for dresses and underclothing for the children? They are almost in a worse condition than the children outside. I have a few sick children I would like to give over to your care when you come. It has been a dreadful time—we could not get the most common or needed medicines. I hope you bring some tooth brushes, thread, garters, etc. Please come soon!"

⚜

When the Bell Rang again in Oorfa

While waiting for permission from the British authorities to start for his station at Harpoot, Rev. Harry H. Riggs was allowed to visit several of the mission stations in cities already occupied by British forces. One of these cities was Oorfa. Of an incident connected with his visit there he writes:—

"Last Sunday was a red-letter day at Oorfa. The church bell rang out loud and long, the first time its sound has been heard since the terrible summer of 1915. It was the bell of the Protestant church, but the event was of equal interest to all the churches, for they had all been condemned to silence and desolation. From the Protestant church, windows

IN THE OORFA PROTESTANT CHURCH, MARCH 31, 1919
1,500 people waiting for the bell to ring again

and doors are gone, and even the pulpit platform had been torn down and had to be hastily rebuilt. But the other churches in the city were worse off, and the old historic Gregorian church is a picture of desolation, with its floor and roof torn up, the walls scarred with shell holes from Turkish and German guns, and its shrines torn down and desecrated.

Restored to Its Tower

"The bell, whose tones moved the whole city last Sunday, had been secretly carried down from its belfry three and a half years ago, and since then has been lying in the dust. But its friends, who thus forestalled the action of the enemies, saved the bell from being thrown down and smashed, as was done with the other church bells. So when, last week, the British had come to Oorfa, and the poor, persecuted Christians were relieved from the fear of attack by their Moslem neighbors, the bell was hauled up to the top of the church once more, where the old bell tower had been. The bell and the front of the church were hung with garlands, and the word was passed out that there would be service Sunday morning, at which the visitors would preach, and that the bell would be rung.

"When we reached the church, there were already a thousand people there, and the church was soon full to the doors. When you remember that only two Armenians in Oorfa were not deported, this in itself seems a marvel. Some people, among the timid exiles who had crept back from the desert, could not believe the danger was really past, and so stayed trembling in their homes; but most of the people were there.

"The service began with Scripture and prayer, and then a hymn and a few words from three of the native friends. Then the signal was given and a young man, who had secured the privilege by a gift of five gold pounds to the church, went up on the roof and began ringing the old bell. At the first stroke the young people rose and clapped their hands, but that sound was soon followed by another; first here and there a woman, overcome by

THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH IN OORFA WHEN THE BELL RANG AGAIN

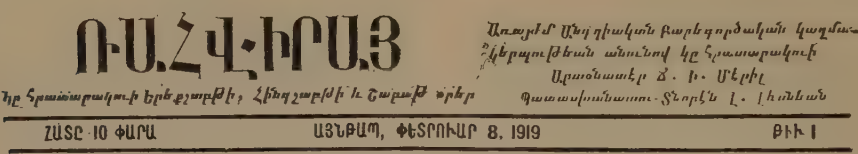
Under the spot where the camera stood was the old church well, which was filled with Armenians dead and alive in 1915. The mouth of the well is now sealed and it remains a tomb

the memories of the four years of agony, began to sob, and in a moment, like a wave, the sound spread over the whole church, and the sobbing of men and women and children went up to God, mingled with the brave ringing of the emancipated bell. I have to confess that there was a lump in my throat, too.

Ringing Out Faith and Hope

"The tears that flowed were tears, too, of joy and triumph, and as one and another said that day, the bell was ringing out the glad news that Christianity is not dead in Oorfa—better than that, that Christianity cannot die, but will spread new power and vitality after these years of unspeakable suppression and destruction.

"The people to whom we preached that morning are a poor and scattered remnant of the twenty thousand who used to make up the Armenian population of Oorfa. Possibly two thousand in all have crept back from their places of exile or refuge in the desert, and as many more will surely come soon. They have lost their all, and but fifty of the former 4,000 Armenian houses remain habitable. But first of all they have a church home, and here will continue to ring the bell, silent for three years and a half, to call the people back to renewed faith and hope and strength."


ՌԱՀՎԻՄԱՅ

Ազատ Ազգային բարեգործական կազմա-
կերպութեան անունով կը հրատարակուի
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Գլխաւոր խմբագիր-Տնօրէն Լ. Լիւնեան

Ամէն Հրատարակութիւն երեք անգամ մը, Հինգշաբթի և Շաբաթ օրեր

ՀԱՏԸ 10 ՓԱՐԱ ԱՅՆԹԱՊ, ՓԵՏՐՈՒԱՐ 8, 1919 ԹԻՒ 1

Rahnuma — "The Guide"

Rahnuma, the newspaper whose title and heading appears above, is a biweekly, Christian publication, gotten out on the college press under direction of President Merrill, of Aintab.

"The people of Aintab, even before they had all the bread they needed, said they wanted a paper more than anything else," Mrs. Merrill tells us in the letter which accompanied the sheet from which our illustration was made.

"This *Rahnuma* was started in Aintab, and from the first was printed in the character read by the Turks. So far as I know, this is the first Christian sheet to be printed in this character. The subscription list in Aintab has grown from about fifty to 400, and a large part of the subscribers are Turks. Mr. Merrill says he sees them squatting in the markets reading it, or gathered about some one who can read, listening most eagerly. There is news in it, editorials, and a sermon or other helpful Christian articles, and it also serves as a medium for the British officers to speak to the people. Many in other cities are taking the paper, and it is the single greatest agency for quieting and teaching the whole people that there is. The British army supplies the necessary funds.

"The paper is printed, one page in Osmanli Turkish, a column in Armenian, and another section in Armeno Turkish.

"The editor is the one college professor who was not exiled from Aintab, Professor Levonian, the head of the Turkish department. The printer is one of our students who used to do the press work of the college. He was exiled with his family in 1915. He lost his family and was himself left for dead in one of the massacres. But, creeping out from among the dead, he disguised himself as an Arab, and after many fearful experiences succeeded in getting back to Aintab. His name is Laleyan. He nearly lost his mind as a result of his sufferings, but has recovered and is now at work again. It certainly seems that God has saved him to come back and print this paper for the Moslems."

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INDIA

A Welcome Arrival in Bombay

In a general letter from Bombay, Mr. William Hazen tells of the welcome arrival of Mr. Thomas B. Hill, a Clark University graduate, who is taking up work in the Mission High School in Bombay. Mr. Hill went to his field by way of Australia, reaching India the very last of December, 1918.

Mr. Hazen says the new comer

plunged wholeheartedly into his work:—

"One of the first things he has tackled was the rescue of the library from a dusty, dark room. He has it reorganized and established in a light, airy front room of the bungalow, where the pupils of the school may use it to much greater advantage. He finds a great dearth of books suitable for boys and girls of the adolescent age. Without attractive story books, how are we going to encourage the habit of English reading among our pupils?

"Then, too, Mr. Hill has got the commercial course in full swing, and it is already proving very popular with our young people. He also proves to be an enthusiast in physical education. The boys are being put through drills and organized games in a more thorough way than it was ever possible to do before. Last Saturday a team he had trained was able to win a game of basket ball against the faculty of the school, Mr. Hill and the principal doing their best to prevent their victory.

"We hear encouraging news from our boys in Mesopotamia. Most of them are looking forward to returning to school to finish their studies, with money enough in their pockets to finance their way. Five of our schoolboys are there, and we are proud to have them share in the building up of that country."

Seekers among the Nadar Caste

In Tirumangalam, South India, in the Madura Mission, are stationed Rev. and Mrs. Emmons E. White, he a Yale man and Mrs. White a Mt. Holyoke graduate. They joined the mission in 1917, and have already seen signs of promise of the Lord's work in South India. Mr. White writes:—

"There are indications of the leaven of Christianity among the Nadar caste here in Tirumangalam. These people have shown themselves to be seekers after higher things. Although gaining many rupees by thrift, as well as by unchristian methods, they realize there is something better than wealth, and that is character, education, spirituality. Here, on mission land, they conduct a common school for their own boys, covering six or seven grades, besides infant standard, and have engaged among their teachers several Indian Christians.

"Also, at the suggestion of the headmaster, but with the backing and approval of the entire caste (as far as I know), I was asked to come and teach Bible to a class of eighteen boys. This I have been doing two forty-minute periods each week, for the past four or five weeks. The boys are interested, and what is more, one of them, of his own accord, one day in class said, 'We want you to teach us about prayer!' I feel sure they would even be willing to form a class in Sunday school with the Christian boys.

"A number of Nadar women have been coming to church also, bringing and depositing at the altar a stack of rupee coin as their offering.

"This is only one of many castes, however. Others seem untouchable at present. Lately a 'Kahman' Hindu festival has been going on. A group of drama players, representing it, came to the bungalow yesterday and asked me to subscribe money to it! Knowing it to be full of gross immorality, I put them several tests, *e.g.*, 'If you can prove to me this drama has no evil in it, I will give.' At this the whole crowd departed, silenced!"

What Money Will Do in India

In the united appeal for Famine Relief in India, just sent out by the committees at work in this country in behalf of suffering India, is a section with the above heading.

After explaining that the almost complete failure of cereal and forage crops is the result of drought, and that the price of grain, even when imported, is three times as high as in any previ-

ous famine; that the 6,000,000 deaths from influenza in 1918 had left hundreds of thousands of orphans, families without breadwinners, and a devitalized population generally, the section which we quote follows:—

"In India, the cost of living is so low that Americans will be surprised to know how small a sum will afford relief and even save life.

"(1) $1.50 will supply for a month the food necessary for an adult in any of the famine areas. A gift, therefore, of $4.50 will tide over an individual during the expected three remaining months of famine.

"(2) Medical relief must follow in the wake of all famines. $5 will take care of a patient for the next three months.

"(3) Famine means thousands of orphans. $30 will support one of them for a whole year in school, and help to train either a boy or a girl for a useful life.

"(4) Even coarse cotton cloth costs many times as much as in normal times, and the want of it is causing unprecedented suffering and embarrassment. But even with the high prices that are current, $3 will provide an ordinary garment for a man or a woman."

CHINA

"Their Line Has Gone Out"

More than forty years ago the missionaries in Tunghsien began work in a little town equally distant from Peking and Tunghsien. Rev. W. B. Stelle, of Tunghsien, tells something of the record of members of that little church: "A son from one of these sturdy, Christian families is now a preacher in a large city church connected with the London Mission. A son of another family is now pastor of our big Peking church, than which, with its large student congregation from both mission and government schools, there is not a more important and promising church in all North China."

After the Boxer persecution the small church was not revived, but later a deacon of the Peking church, who lived only a few miles away, started a Christian organization, which purchased adequate premises and hopes soon to become a self-supporting body. Mr. Stelle spoke at a service there recently, and saw the two older brothers of the London Mission preacher, with their families—strong Christians of the third and fourth generation; the daughter of the faithful deacon, who has had college and medical training and is now a practicing physician, and who comes out from Peking one Sunday in each month to hold a free clinic following the church service; and many others who are in direct descent from members of that small outstation church of forty years ago.

A Temperance Tale

Mr. Stelle gives an encouraging instance of the responsiveness of individuals to the interest of the missionary:—

"After service I saw, in the restaurant, a young man of unusual promise drinking strong Chinese whisky most intemperately. I apologized to him for my presumption, but could not refrain from urging him with all friendliness to respect and to protect his robust constitution.

"He stoutly promised total abstinence. I almost remonstrated with him for promising, because I put little faith in his quickly spoken pledge. Returning home, I mailed him a copy of Mr. James Bryce's lecture delivered at Yale on 'Hindrances to Good Citizenship and Their Removal.'

"The other day the preacher told me that the young man had called several times and made religious inquiries. And again after service, at the same restaurant, the young man hunted me up and assured me that since September he had not tasted whisky."

A Chinese God on Tour

One of the newer members of the Paotingfu station gives us a glimpse of a New Year celebration which he witnessed in a Chinese city not far from Paotingfu. The city is called Man Ch'eng, and Mr. Robinson had gone there to visit a friend in the Presbyterian Mission, who was teaching a class of some twenty-five Christians from the country around "the simplified system of reading in Chinese, which is being introduced throughout China and backed by the educational department of the government," as well as by the China Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference on Missions.

We give Mr. Robinson's description of the Chinese New Year parade as he tells it:—

"It is the custom in each Chinese city to have a Ch'eng Huang Miao—that means a temple where the god of the city dwells. In Man Ch'eng, at least—I do not know whether the same is practiced in other cities—this god makes an annual visit to the villages surrounding the city. While I was there the god returned to Man Ch'eng, to spend the night in the city temple.

"He, like the other images in the temples of China, is made of mud, decorated with gaudy colors, and was carried in a sedan chair, like an official or a bride on her way to her new home; although, unlike the latter, he was not invisible, for his chair was open to view. The first we knew of his coming was when we heard some terrible explosions which shook the whole chapel; and soon after we heard brass cymbals and large drums.

Hook-Swinging in China

"We went to the door and saw a large procession, headed by young men who had some sort of large gun, which made a terrific noise. Mr. Mather says that he has been in chapels two different times when the jar from these guns has broken glass in the windows. Following the noise was a row of fanatics, fulfilling vows which they had made, probably when they or their friends were sick or in trouble. Most of them had their arms bare to the elbows and extended nearly horizontal. In order that it might not be too tiresome, sticks from their hips to their hands helped them hold their hands this way for a long time. In the skin on the under part of the forearm were hooked some sort of metal hooks, from which were suspended iron pots, in which incense was constantly burning. These pots were heavy enough so that the skin was considerably stretched below the rest of the arm. Most of the people doing this were men, but there was one woman also. This is the first time I have ever seen mutilation of the body as a form of religious ceremony in China.

"Besides those with the suspended pots of incense were other paraders, who wore around their necks big pasteboard cards, on which were written Chinese characters. This is one way in which prisoners are sometimes punished in China, and these people were fulfilling their vows like this. One of them was a little boy only a few years old, wearing such a card; and another was so small that his mother had to carry him.

"I have asked several foreigners if they have seen this elsewhere, and none of them seems to have seen it, so I doubt if it is very common. It seems to be a well-established custom in Man Ch'eng, however."

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The Mothers of the Kindergarten Babies

After a jolly story of a Monthly Mothers' Meeting in connection with the Peking kindergarten, Miss Adelle Tenney says:—

"The work with the mothers is very encouraging. As we go into the children's homes we find constantly in the mothers a hunger to know just what is best for their children and a very great desire to give the children what they themselves failed to receive. Many are the testimonies of the value

of the kindergarten to the child; and in many, many homes, hanging on dreary, bare walls, are the bright pictures and little pieces of handwork the child has brought home—absolutely the only bit of beauty in an appalling amount of ugliness.

"Many of the mothers are coming regularly to church now, brought there first because they go with the children to Sunday school; and church follows immediately after, so they stay to see what happens. But gradually a real interest is aroused, and they come to know that the Christian religion has something which can help and comfort as no other religion can, and often they wish to claim it for themselves."

THE BOOKSHELF

Studies in Japanese Buddhism. By August Karl Reischauer. New York: Macmillan Co.

The East and West have *got* to meet. Most of us feel that the point of contact is to be between America and Japan. Shall it be a clash? Shall it be an absorption of either by the other? Shall it be perpetual wary aloofness? Shall it be sympathetic friendship? In the answer, neither political nor economic greed, diplomacy nor commerce will be the determining factors. The hearts of the peoples will settle it, if they will study one another.

Buddhism of a kind peculiar to Japan has been for centuries at once the preëminently formative and the revealing influence in the Japanese heart.

Fortunate it is for the honest American patriot that such a book as Dr. Reischauer's, with its easy, readable style, clear expression, and interesting—one might almost say entertaining—selection of material, has appeared. For while careful research is evidenced throughout, so that the scholarly interest is maintained, it is, as a lucid interpretation of the Japanese mind as it has met modern conditions, and of the tendencies with which it is facing the future, the best thing we have seen for the general reader.

Buddhism, as generally known in the West, whether from the writings of its advocates or enemies, or in translations of fragments of its immensely voluminous canon, is an interesting antiquity which has long since ceased to exercise important influence over any one. *Japanese* Buddhism is —or has been very recently, at least— a living force. It has come, nevertheless, out of the antique source, and Dr. Reischauer has not neglected to recognize the origin nor to trace the development, in duly subordinate proportion.

The book is evidently written by a Christian, uncompromising in faith and in expectation of victory; but his estimate of the values in Buddhism, and of its influence upon the future, is liberal and fair.

It is possible that too little credit is given, in the criticism of Gautama's fundamental three conceptions (Impermanence, Inherent Suffering, and Unreality of Individuality), page 25, to *the* fundamental conception of Eternal Right, from which individuality with its faults is a departure.

Also, a little more emphasis might have been placed on the peculiar effect upon the consciousness of the plain man or woman of Buddha's denial of individuality. It is not a mere philosophical speculation. Daily intercourse with the Japanese shows it to be their actual experience that an ego distinct in its separateness from others is vague to a degree inconceivable to an Occidental.

—But read the book and thank the author.

S. C. BARTLETT.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Foreign Financial Control in China. By T. W. Overlach. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. 295. Price, $2.00.

WORLD BRIEFS

The latest annual report of the China Medical Board, on the Rockefeller Foundation, says: "Thirty-one medical missionaries on furlough and twelve Chinese doctors were studying in the United States during 1917 on scholarships or fellowships supplied by the China Medical Board. Seven of the medical missionaries have studied at the Harvard Medical School, three at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, three at the University of Pennsylvania, three at the Mayo Clinic (Rochester, Minn.), three at the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, two at the Rush Medical School, and two at the Cook County Hospital in Chicago. Also one fellowship holder for either part-time or full-time has been at each of the following institutions: Columbia University, McGill University, Philadelphia Women's Medical College, Peter Bent Brigham Hospital (Boston), Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, Massachusetts General Hospital, Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, Boston Lying-In Hospital, Boston Children's Hospital, New York Presbyterian Hospital, and Chicago Presbyterian Hospital. Of the Chinese doctors, five have studied at the Harvard Medical School, three at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Post-Graduate School and Hospital, two at Johns Hopkins, two at the University of Pennsylvania, one at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, one at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and one at the Boston City Hospital."

The French were successful in employing an air plane as an ambulance in the desert of Morocco during the latter part of the war. An eminent surgeon was called from France to Morocco to see a general who had been wounded by a shell fragment which lodged near his heart. He could not be moved. He was 170 miles from a railway. One army surgeon flew to him from Fez, 180 miles away, crossing the Atlas Mountains at an altitude of 13,000 feet. Another surgeon flew from a place sixty miles away. The general's condition made it unsafe to operate under the primitive conditions of the outpost where he lay. So they put him into a bombing air plane and, escorted by the two surgeons, took him to a hospital section, where the operation was performed with apparent success. In September, 1918, fifteen wounded men were brought from the front to Morocco by ordinary air plane—sixty miles in seventy minutes. Before the war ended the French had mapped out in Southern Algeria and Tunis actual air plane routes for the evacuation of the wounded and the transportation of surgeons. One route reaches a place 300 miles from any railway. To bring wounded men over this route by camel or mule ambulance requires twenty-six days. French pilots have made the trip comfortably in one day.

The Star Island Conference at the Isles of Shoals, this summer, seems likely to radiate the same kind of enthusiasm and inspiration that will be going out from the various more definitely missionary conferences, since its subject is to be "Reconstruction and Idealism," and its speakers, so far as announced, include Rev. J. D. Taylor, D.D., of the American Board's Mission among the Zulus in South Africa; President Ernest W. Riggs, of Euphrates College, Harpoot, Turkey; Dr. Sidney Gulick, so thoroughly associated with Japan; as well as others whose names are closely connected with missions, both home and foreign. The technical name of these gatherings is "Congregational Summer Conference." The meetings are held from August 1 to 21. Further information may be secured from Miss Ada M. Hill, 19 Elliot Street, Springfield, Mass.

French missionary societies are looking forward to the vast fields which seem especially to fall to their care in the world's evangelization—those which are French colonies. There is, in Asia, the whole of French Indo-China, with 20,000,000 inhabitants. In Africa are French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, the greater part of the French Congo and the Soudan — more than 30,000,000 inhabitants of Africa. Besides Asia and Africa certain fields in Bulgaria and Roumania are especially open to the French.

The General Education Board has announced the appropriation of $310,000 for Negro schools. Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga., Slater Industrial and State Normal School at Winston-Salem, N. C., and the State Normal School in Elizabeth City, N. C., are among those which receive grants for permanent work, while Fisk University, Hampton Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Spellman Seminary, and the colored schools in Calhoun, Ala., will receive help on current expenses.

At the session of the Northern Baptist Convention held in Denver, Col., the last of May, a five-year budget of $100,000,000 was adopted; the $6,000,000 laymen's fund was completed; and a general board of planning and promotion was organized. This board consists of 140 members, representing every State Convention and each of the coöperating societies of the National Convention.

THE CHRONICLE

Arrivals on the Field

March 21. In Samokov, Rev. Theodore T. Holway, returning to Bulgaria.

April 8. In Tarsus, Central Turkey, Rev. Thomas D. Christie, D.D., LL.D., returning to the station.

Arrivals in this Country

May —. In San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. Edward W. Felt, of Vadala, India.

May 8. In San Francisco, Cal., Rev. and Mrs. Edward W. Felt, of Vadala, Marathi Mission, India.

May 17. In San Francisco, Cal., Rev. and Mrs. Earle H. Ballou, of Tientsin, Chihli District, North China Mission.

May 21. In Montreal, Miss Annie M. Barker, of Constantinople.

May 31. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Lyle D. Woodruff, of Samokov, Bulgaria.

June 3. In Boston, Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Hume, D.D., of Bombay, and Mr. and Mrs. William S. Picken, of Ahmednagar, India.

Death

March 31. In Sachikela, West Central Africa, Merlin, son of Rev. and Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis.

Births

April 9. In Durban, Natal, to Rev. and Mrs. Ralph L. Abraham, a daughter, Dorothy Helen.

May 7. In Shaowu, China, to Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Riggs, a son, Wilbur White.

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A recent message by cable from Secretary J. L. Barton, from Constantinople, indicates that he has completed his first survey of the American Board's fields and believes that the roads are now fairly passable into the interior.

A cable received June 9 announced the safe arrival of Secretary C. H. Patton and party in Tokyo, Japan. Dr. Patton's itinerary in Japan is in the hands of Dr. Mackenzie, president of the Federated Missions, and of Mr. Dana I. Grover, of the Board's Mission in Kyoto.

Among the honors bestowed at the Annual Convocation of the Presbyterian College in Montreal, Canada, at the close of its latest school year was the Doctorate of Divinity conferred upon Rev. John C. Martin, of the American Board's Mission at Aintab, Turkey. Dr. Martin addressed the convocation on "Conditions in Turkey During and After the War."

Through the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, we learn of the receipt at its New York office of a cable reading: "Maynard excellent recovery from illness. Inform family." This refers, of course, to Rev. Harrison A. Maynard, of Bitlis, Turkey, who with other members of the relief corps has been doing heroic work among refugees in Persia and the Caucasus.

Many friends of Dr. George C. Raynolds, the veteran of Van, Eastern Turkey, will be glad to know that friends in California, where Dr. Raynolds has been living, report his health much improved. He has recently accompanied Dr. H. H. Kelsey, Secretary of the Pacific Coast District, on a short speaking tour in Southern California, taking his full share of the addresses to be made.

The Pacific School of Religions, Berkeley, Cal., on May 22 conferred upon Rev. John K. Browne, formerly of Harpoot, Turkey, but for the last few years Assistant Secretary for the Pacific Coast District of the A. B. C. F. M., the Doctorate of Divinity. We understand that the same honor has been voted to Rev. John X. Miller, of Pasumalai, Madura Mission, India, by Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore., and was doubtless conferred upon him at the commencement last month.

The Japanese friends of Dr. and Mrs. John C. Berry, of Worcester, are still eager to show their affection even though a good many years have elapsed since Dr. Berry was missionary in Japan. Miss Katherine F. Berry, Dr. Berry's daughter, is now in the East for a stay of six months or more. While in Tokyo she was honored with an invitation to the Emperor's garden party in cherry blossom time, and before leaving Tokyo she received a free pass on all the government railroads in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. Although only a child when she left Japan, she was able to recover the language so quickly that within a month she could understand and take part in general conversation with the Japanese friends.

Your August Gifts

THE PAST

Last year 2,000 friends sent checks in August and a total of over $62,000 poured in from churches and individuals.

THE PRESENT

A careful estimate of expenditures and receipts reveals that we must find $10,000 more this August than last year if we are to come out even. The increases in receipts for ten months are fine and prove the loyalty of the Board's friends, but war conditions have already spent that money—$97,000 in correcting exchange with the Orient, $43,750 in increased expenditure for travel.

THE FUTURE

The Board needs 3,000 givers and appeals for a total of $100,000 income before the books close September 4th. Necessary advances in the work can be met if YOU help to make this figure come true.

Send your check during August to

FRANK H. WIGGIN, *Treasurer*
The Congregational House
14 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

THE "BUBBLING FOUNTAIN" BUDDHIST MONASTERY

On Kushan Mountain, on the way up to Foochow from Pagoda Anchorage. Celebrated throughout China for its schools of latest science and English